BRADSHAW'S GHOST;

A

POEM:

OR,

A Dialogue between *John Bradshaw*, Ferry-man *Charon*, *Oliver Cromwel*, *Francis Ravilliack*, and *Ignatius Loyola*. 1660.

adsh. COME, *Charon*, come — *Cha.* VVhat unexpected shade
Is this that thus imploreth *Charon*'s aid?
Brad. 'Tis I. *Char.* Raven, I know that tone,
hat durst to boad destruction to a Throne:
hy guile's too heavy, and in vain implores
Scullers help; your Lordship should have Oars.
ty down your Burthen, then I'le carry you;
annot waft *Bradshaw* and a Murtherer too.
ave you drunk *Lethe* yet that you'ave forgot
ll lately paſs'd; alas, he broke my Boat:
ſides the Foord is shallow. *Brad.* Never think
that, your danger then is leſs to ſink.
is ſtrange, ſhall I water want? It cannot be:
ave ſpilt Blood enough to make a Sea.
all that's bad, we'le ſwim it o're: then come,
y Keel ſhall plow my *Mare Mortuum*.
t but the winds be good, and we'le prevail,
rſes and Sighs ſhall ſwell the labouring Sail.
Char. Firſt, let me know what haſte hath brought thee here:
dſt thou ride Poſt upon the * three-leg'd Mare? * *Tyburn.*
did thy Murthering Soul unto this Foord
y from the point of ſome Revenging Sword?
Brad. I Murthered not my ſelf; and none but I
urſt to attempt that venturous Act, to vie
vith Hell for th' *Rump*, and double o're again
ne ſeveney ſeven-fold Puniſhment of *Cain*.
y Pillow was my block, and Swans did bring
y Scarlet Soul upon their milky wing.
Char. 'Tis ſtrange; yea, and unnatural, to ſee
at ſuch a Rogue ſhould dye, and naturally:
re millions would have Raviſhed thy Breath,
t that none durſt attempt that deed but Death.
r Juſtice could not be Reveng'd on you,
leſs ſhe could kill Soul and Body too.
t why do you come here? get you to Hell
r to Read Lectures unto *Machiavel*:
ur *Borgia* could do that, and I have Reaſon
keep you back; *Pluto* would think it Treaſon,
u and your Partner ſure will pluck him down,
ll is not dark enough to hide his Crown.
Brad. Charon, don't fear, I'le warrant we'le agree,
r Hell and I were ne're at enmity.
Char. Give me your Naulum, then take here this cup
Lethe, think 'tis Blood, and ſwill it up. —

Brad. That won't waſh Guile, 'tis as good let it alone:
And as for Money, I will give you none. —
I've a Commiſſion, mind from whom I am ſent;
You're Ferry-man unto the Parliament. —
Char. Lambert hath ſhut that Door, and as for me,
You ſhall not enter here without a Fee.
Should I waft Round-heads o're for nought, I find,
Camelion-like, my Sails muſt live by wind.
Had you the Biſhops Lands, and could not bring
One Tithe to me? at leaſt an Offering.
You ſhall not o're on tick, for pay you muſt;
VVhen Infidels do meet, ne're talk of truſt.
Bradſh. There's Six-pence. *Cha.* What's the Motto? O, 'tis thus,
The Common-wealth of England; *God with us.*
You VVorſhip Coin, your Golden Calves, I ſee,
Have got a pretty ſtamp, a Deity.
But prithee, *Bradſhaw*, now thou art come, lets know
How thou and Pride did chance to fall ſo low.
You went for Saints on Earth, were it not far
More fit for you i'th' Heavens to ſhine a Star?
Brad. My Brother Pride his thoughts on Hell did fix,
For to brew merry Beer and Ale with *Styx*.
His Traſh would not vent there; the Angels they,
He thought drank nothing but *Ambroſia*:
And ſomewhat elſe beſides increas'd his Fears,
There was a grudge betwixt him and the Bears.
And *Charon*, as to me your Queſtions are
Moſt Fooliſh; know you not that *Charles* is there?
To drive black *Pluto*'s Coach I'de rather dain,
Than to be VVaggoner to *Charles*'s wain.
Char. VVere you out, you ſhou'd ſcarce come in again:
This Ferry-boat was never made for Man.
But you may go 'cauſe you're *Noll*'s ſtalking-horſe,
Rather for Beaſt, or ſomething that is worſe.
Brad. More Aſs I; but I am rid on't I ſuppoſe,
And ſhall be even with him in ſpight of 's Noſe,
I muſt confeſs my Purple Robes alone
Did ſerve to make a Foot-ſtall for his Throne.
Nought could be done, I ſay't to my Diſgrace,
By's Iron-ſides, but for my brazen face:
I ſcorn'd to pluck off Hat to Majeſty.
Although I made him pluck off's Head to me:
Though he amazed, it ſtir'd not me; his Breath
Cou'd not move me, although it frighned Death.

My Perjur'd Soul cou'd eafily diſpence
To cut a way for *Noll* through Innocence.
Yet enter'd not I on the Mine before
I thought my ſelf ſecure of half the Ore:
I thought my gains were good, the ſtakes being down;
I quickly made a Foot-ball of the Crown:
But *Noll* trip'd up my heels, that ſurly Soul,
And I was glad at laſt t'eſcap'd the Goal.
He got the gain, and loſt his Soul and all,
That *Joan* might fell her kitchen-ſtuff at *White-hall*. * *Noll's wife.*
Here's Land! what Clouds are thoſe? what, does Hell turn
Out all her Lights? 'ceaſe ſhe for me might mourn.
Has *Pluto* Tinder-boxes? *Char.* No. *Brad.* What then?
Hath *Noll* a Note will light thoſe Flames agen?
Char. Beware, leſt hood-wink'd thus, you ſtray go on
Cloſe by *Cocytus*, then by *Acheron*.
Cerberus longs to ſee you, he'l afford
Three Salutations to you in one word.
Fling him a Heart, for there belongs a fee
To the Door-keeper as well as unto me.
Bradſh. Thanks for this needleſs Counſel; But ne'r tell
Me that I erc was out of the way to Hell.
Cromwel the Great being Little-boy, ſure he knows
The way, if not, we'l follow both his Noſe.
Farewel. But now I ſtray, the darkneſs is
So great, I ſhall not find the way to miſs:
I ne'r walk'd wrong, though I am ne'r right, for where
So e're I am, Hell properly is there.
But ſtay, what's that? why ſhould I be afraid
Of what is but the Shadow of a Shade?
Methinks I hear a voice, which cryes, ſtand back:
Why, who art thou? *Rav.* I am *Ravilliack*.
Brad. What empty thing art thou? As for my part,
I am as th' Soul of th' Rump ſhou'd be a fart
Lately let, you ſhortly ſhall have more;
Lambert hath kick'd their arſe-ſhips out of door.
Rav. Welcome, moſt Reverend ſhade; then you art ſent
With an Vmbaſſage from the Parliament.
Brad. No: for Infernal Aid we always were
Sure to have that as well in Peace as War.
Your Counſel needleſs was, for we were ſo evil,
None there but cou'd be Tutor to a Devil.
I'me come to commence Villain, ſomething more;
I did perform my Acts on Earth before:
The World and Hell my Merits know, and to
Be ſhort, *Ravilliack*, I'le take place of you.
Rav. Pardon, bold Shade, if I deſire to know
If ever you've deſerv'd that place or no.
Firſt, we'l diſpute, what do you think of that?
And we'l chooſe *Pluto* for to moderate.
Brad. Go, Pupil, undergraduate Friend; tuſh he
That well can Judge, muſt more than Devil be.
If that we muſt, let's be try'd by ſuch things
As well do know what 'tis to Murther Kings.
Such ſhould be Judges for us: Ay, ſuch ſhou'd,
Whoſe guilty Souls ſpeak nothing under Blood.
Fiends of a double die, ſuch as do ſcorn
To ſwear, unleſs they're ſure to be forſworn:
Nor for Secluded Members they are ſent,
For Judges we'l have an Old Parliament;
There's Members here enough, why do I ſtick?
Enough to make a Body Politick.
Rav. Preſty State-Monſter, a fine hoddy doddy,
One, as they ſay, that is more Arſe than Body.
Brad. Diſdain 'um not, you cannot parallel
Such true falſe-hearted Devils not in Hell.
There was no Reaſon for't; though *Lambert* bore
A ſpight to th' Houſe to turn it out o'th' door:
To me it always ſeem'd exceeding fit,
What Members, pray you, ſides the Rump ſhall ſit?
Yet 'ceaſe you ſtand upon't, I'le ne'r abuſe
Your Priviledge: *Ravilliack*, you may chuſe.
I and my Partners ſhall not value you,
With *Machiavel*, and all *Loyola's* crew.
Farewel, prepare againſt the Judges Call,
For I muſt ſpeak a word or two with *Noll*.

Lye, Swear, Forſwear, all this I'le grant to you:
Nay, and your Mental Reſervations too.
You ſhall Condemn your ſelves, you'l ſee in fine,
And *Bellarmine* ſhall confute *Bellarmine*.
Oliver. VVelcom to mourning; welcom, Shade in brief,
You're very welcom to the Joys of Grief.
I pray do you no Letters with you carry?
Nor from ſoft * *Richard* nor from ſimple *Harry*. * 2 of Olivers Sons
Me-thinks 'tis very ſtrange, that * *Thurlow's* grown * *Oliver's Secretary.*
So proud, he will not write a word for * *Jone*. * *Olivers Wife.*
Poor wretch, her Breeding ne'r taught her a word,
She knew no Character but that o'th' Sword;
Though *Lambert's* VVife and I to th' corpucan
Did read the Horn-book o're and o're agen.
But waving *Dyſes* Majeſty, pray how
Doth Mice and Rats in the Houſe of Commons do?
Their leaving of the Houſe, makes me to think
That the Foundation e're belong will ſink.
Brad. My heart is almoſt broke, you can't believe
How I am vex'd: I made no more to grieve,
Now all things do concur to miſery,
All becauſe you and I did diſagree.
Fools that we were, to mind we did not call,
Satan divided againſt himſelf, muſt fall.
Oliver. Tuſh, that is onely Scripture; why, I ſay
That all the Bible is Apocrypha.
Brad. VVhat if we went for Saints? 'tis all one thing
For to abuſe the Scripture and the King.
Nay, our Thankſgivings too were always feaſt,
VVhen ſuch long Graces we had at a feaſt,
Before you wou'd kill, you'd have *Peters* Call,
And make your Enemy a Mock-Funeral.
He laughs your Army's Sanctified VVord;
His VVit did lend an edge unto your Sword.
Nay, and the Devil doth on Scripture call,
Then when he would be Devil moſt of all.
Oliver. 'Tis very true. But prethee let me know
A brief Relation, how all things do go.
Brad. VVhy *Noll*, 'twould make a heart of ſtone Relent,
A *Booth* does dare the Houſe of Parliament.
They talk of Kings: Nay, which is worſe, I do
Fear all the Nation will turn Honeſt too.
One true Religion hies unto its Mother;
The Church and Taxes do avert another.
One thing or other makes 'um all to cry
VVe'l be Apoſtates to Apoſtacy.
Things are ſo bad, they'd all be good, we'r not
For theſe three Fiends, *Vain*, *Hiſtrig*, and *Scot*.
Dippers and Quakers they their Lepers be;
All in the Nations Diſcord do agree.
Vain was Anointed Rogue, though ſo to do,
VVere for to loſe the Oyl and Labour too.
Noll, why were you not King? when you did ſee
A *Pilate* was, you well might *Herod* be.
Oliver. VVhy, I was more; the truth to lay you down,
No Hat but mine ith' Kingdom wore a Crown.
I onely Lords created, truly ſeeing
Me out of nothing leap into a Being.
I made 'um better than my ſelf, Earls then,
It was below 'um to be Gentlemen.
VVhat odds have Awls and Swords when they go to't?
I vampt the old worn-out *Newſon* Lord to boot.
Brad. You *Newſon'd* it, 'tis twenty now to ten,
But that his Lordſhip's at his Laſt agen.
Oliver. But hearke, now Quakeriſm begins to down:
Think you that Puritans will put on Lawn?
Brad. No; white is Innocent: nay, I'le tell you what,
The VVhore of *Babylon's* Smock is made of that.
Peters to try this *Turkiſh* point, thought meet
A while for to do pénance in a ſheet.
Oliver. That was a merry Rogue, and truth to tell,
I lik'd his way of Laughing Men to Hell:
Dull heavy looks I like not, I proteſt,
Except in Quakers, ſuch as are poſſeſt.
Brad. Alas, the Times are Honeſt like to be,
Men muſt not wear Cloaks for Piety.

Sata

ıan will go no more to Church I fear,
that the Fashion brings up such lewd ware:
o let him have no Pew, it were unevil,
Where Surplices are jerkins, farewel Devil.
Oliver. In my Time 'twas not so; the Clergy-men
ıd not such plenty sure of Linnen then.
he Bishops were so poor, that they, alack,
Were glad they had a Surplice next their back:
ıstrip'd their Mother Church, and without jest,
think that *Scotch-cloth* fits Religion best;
or pray now, why should not the wear of Cloaks
s well fit *John of Styles*, as *John of Nokes?*
s for the honest *Scotch*, we ne'r shall want
heir Aid, for they have took the Covenant:
ainst all that's good, they are quite Bankrupt now,
hey Sold their King and their Religion too.
hey against Nature sin, should they be good;
hey're born perfidious, and shou'd
hey Love Religion, then we needs must all
onfess that Act to be unnatural.
one yet was ever good, till he forgot,
nd was ashamed of the Name of *Scot.*
Brad. The Court is set, I must away, and try
o bear away the Prize of Villany.
a Sollicitor want, and may go look
or one, unless I chance to meet with *Cook.*
Oliver. Go on and prosper; as for th'other, he
an honest man, if but compar'd to thee:
Murther can add merit to thy Praise,
he *Elysian* Fields can ne'r supply thee Bays.
ut why talk I of Bays? I there did Flatter,
hy *Symon's* Neck better becomes a Halter.
Brad. Ravilliack, speak, for I will give thee first,
r any odds, because thy Cause is worst.

Ravilliack's Oration.

Rav. Know then, most Reverend *Loyola*, I do
y self and cause both recommend to you:
Vere I indifferent bad, I de ne'r engage
our Devil-ship into my Patronage.
his Hand brought *Harry's* Letter, whose sad date
nded his days, I was the Post of Fate.
- scarcely Read a Sentence, I did doom
is Life unto a period should come.
made the *Flower-de-luce* to bleed, and yield
or to be quarter'd in a bloody Field:
Murther'd *Harry*, whose Auspicious Birth
efig'd a League even twixt Heaven and Earth:
nd what doth aggravate my business, I
id kill Religion out of Piety.
offer'd up that Sacrifice alone,
one else durst make an Altar of the Throne:
nd shall I now be brought in Competition
With *Bradshaw?* Youngest Son unto Perdition.
bath'd my self all over in the Flood;
e onely wash'd his hand in Royal Blood.
He thinks one Action will Surname him Great,
When all my Life was a Religious Cheat:
ut talk detracts from deeds. Ne: *Tully's* wrack
of words could reach unto *Ravilliack.*
e say no more, but keep the place, were it
or nothing but 'cause I am a Jesuit.

Bradshaw's Oration.

Brad. You've said too much, but not enough; go to:
There is not one of th' Rump but's worse than you.
You kill'd the King of *France*, and then all's said;
King of *France* and *England* Murthered.
My fault exceeds yours, and more weight doth carry
Than it, by how much *Charles* excedeth *Harry*:
Yours was Lay-murther. Sacrilege mine. You can't
Like me boast: You a King kill'd, I a Saint.
They me ith' Book of Martyrs will Remember,
And as to *Faux*, give a day in *November.*
Your Murther was Religious; true, and I
Committed too a Pious Villany.
In *Charles* I kill'd the Church, that's more than you;
I Sacrific'd the Priest and Temple too:
I made the Cushions Blocks: The Butchers wore
The Sleeves that *Canterbury* had before.
I *Capel* slew, if they the Saints did trick
I slew, they'd muster up an Almanack:
Their Bloods wou'd add new Rubricks, whilst that they
Bluſh all the Year into one Holy-day.
Nor sin'd I singly, I made hundreds be
Co-parmers with me in that Villany.
I made them sin, in that I made 'um joyn,
So that I challenge all their Sins as mine.
I did Hell far more Service than you can,
'Twas I that favoured the Puritan:
Nay, I did Love the *Scots* and *Quakers* too,
Ravilliack, *Cook* must have the place of you.
You'l not be in my clafs: Nay, all my pack
Of Hell-hounds are above *Ravilliack.*
Not one of *Charles's* Silver hairs I shed,
In value but might purchase *Harry's* Head.
And does your Dagger think for to out-brave
My Ax? I kill'd, but yet debar'd a Grave:
So that in hindring *Charles* a Tomb-stone, I
A Monument built to my own Infamy.
I pluck'd his Statue down; what should I have
For my Deserts? I Murthered his Grave:
Nor was I this alone content to do,
I made Cloaks Preach him Traytor, Tyrant too:
And made 'um swear't, I did so watch their waters,
All Treason did commit, except the Traytors.
What think you then, that he deserved hath,
That kill'd both the Defender, and the Faith?
Judge all! and if the place you me deny,
Why then you'r worse Devils all than I.

Loyola's Oration.

Loyola. 'Tis bravely said of both: Nor can I tell,
If this Man, or if that Man do excell:
Degrees are wanting due to both to give,
For they must be beyond superlative.
They both are Rogues in grain, both dipt in blood
Of Kings — But yet me-thinks I shou'd
Give one the place: It grieves me sore to see
The Rump thus baffle my Society.
Bradshaw did kill a God: My Rogue comes after,
And can amount no higher than Man-slaughter.
The thoughts of *Bradshaw's* worth doth make me mad,
For's one that hath out-done whatever's bad.
O that I liv'd but again, that I
Might be the Founder of a Rump, and dy!
For their Association scorns to be
Companions with my Society.
Learning is needless, they a way have hit,
That makes 'um to be wise beyond all wit.
Like Foxes Tayls (I must unto you tell)
One Rump doth far a thousand Heads excell.
They cut Mens throats by Law: Nay, and they do
Make Justice guilty of the Murther too.
So when you say, the King's kill'd, 'tis not meant
By *Bradshaw*, but by my Lord President.
Their Labouring Souls first bring forth Mischief, then
They Christn'd after it was cast; so when
Rape, Murther, Sacrilege, call'd that Pious Hector
Their God-Son, Butcher *Cromwel*, Lord Protector.

Cowards oth' Rump were Worthies: *Fleetwood* thus
From's Valour scorn'd to be call'd Valourous.
See what an Act of Parliament can do!
If they but Vote him Valourous, he is so:
For though the shiveling Sinner deserv'd banging,
For he had ne'r the wit to merit hanging.
Strange Operation of the Rump, the Fool
The Devil, he's but Clerk to their Close-stool.
For the Rumpish Members Honour, I think fit
We Act that Member first of all should sit.
I like this topsy-turvy, we'l be led
By *England*, and the Arse shall be the Head:
And next Thanksgiving-dinner, our *Old Nick*
Shall feed on Rump, 'twill make him Politick.
We'l Knight it, if your Judgments be like mine,
It shall be Sir Rump, we'l have no more Sir Loyn.
They should be welcom all, but that I fear
They would prescribe new Models to us here:
They merit not this place alone, but well
Do for themselves deserve another Hell.
But 'cause here are not all, till th' other please
To come, let's Entertain and Honour these.
In the mean time, that *Bradshaw* may Inherit
Present Possession of his former Merit,
To him as Rump oth' Rump let us present
The Chair, for he was still their Fundament.
If you think fit, all I'de have you do,
'S to speak your mind then in a word or two.

Applaudunt Omnes.

Because thou'st done so ill, thou hast done well;
Bradshaw, thou art Lord President of Hell.

FINIS.